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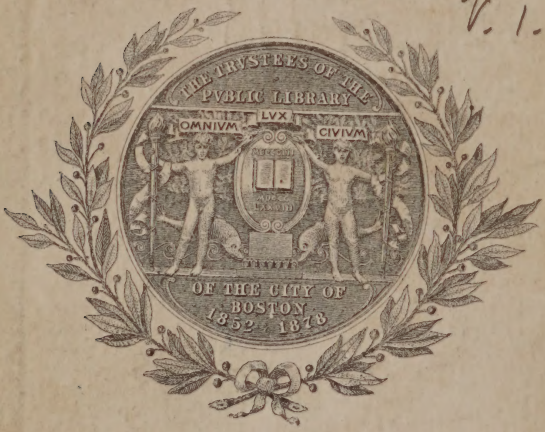
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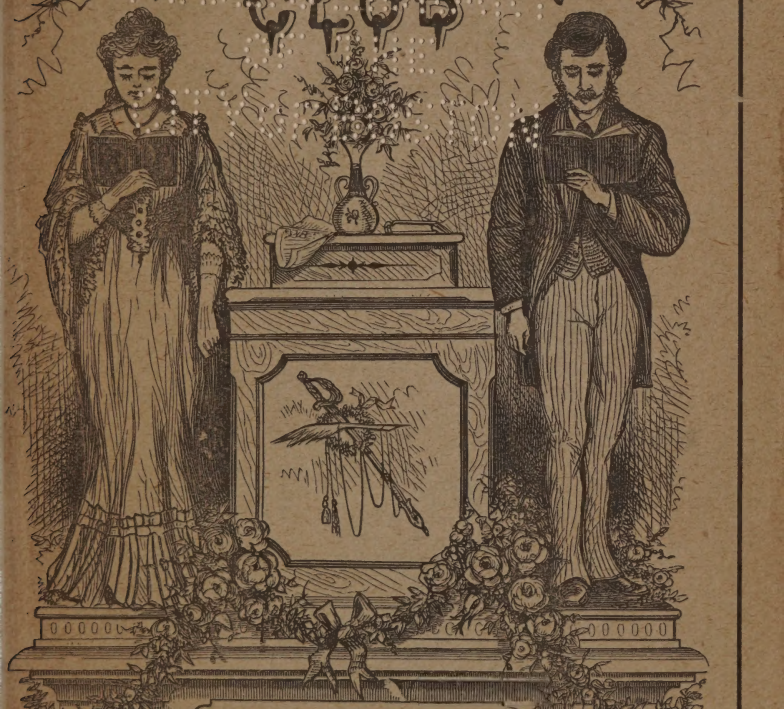

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THE READING-CLUB.

THE RED JACKET.

'Tis a cold, bleak night. With angry roar
The north winds beat and clamor at the door;
The drifted snow lies heaped along the street,
Swept by a blinding storm of hail and sleet;
The clouded heavens no guiding starlight lend,
But o'er the earth in gloom and darkness bend;
Gigantic shadows by the night-lamps thrown
Dance their weird revels fitfully alone.

In lofty halls, where fortune takes its ease,
Sunk in the treasures of all lands and seas;
In happy homes, where warmth and comfort meet
The weary traveller with their smiles to greet;
In lowly dwellings, where the needy swarm
Round starving embers, chilling limbs to warm, —
Rises the prayer that makes the sad heart light,
"Thank God for home this bitter, bitter night!"

But hark! above the beating of the storm
Peals on the startled ear the fire-alarm!
Yon gloomy heaven's aflame with sudden light;
And heart-beats quicken with a strange affright;
From tranquil slumbers springs, at duty's call,
The ready friend no danger can appall;
Fierce for the conflict, sturdy, true, and brave,
He hurries forth to battle and to save.

From yonder dwelling fiercely shooting out,
Devouring all they coil themselves about,
The flaming furies, mounting high and higher,
Wrap the frail structure in a cloak of fire.

Strong arms are battling with the stubborn foe,
In vain attempts their power to overthrow:
With mocking glee they revel with their prey,
Defying human skill to check their way.

And see! far up above the flame's hot breath,
Something that's human waits a horrid death:
A little child, with waving golden hair,
Stands like a phantom 'mid the horrid glare,
Her pale, sweet face against the window pressed,
While sobs of terror shake her tender breast.
And from the crowd beneath, in accents wild,
A mother screams, "O God! my child, my child!"

Up goes a ladder! Through the startled throng
A hardy fireman swiftly moves along,
Mounts sure and fast along the slender way,
Fearing no danger, dreading but delay.
The stifling smoke-clouds lower in his path;
Sharp tongues of flame assail him in their wrath;
But up, still up he goes! the goal is won!
His strong arm beats the sash; and he is gone, —

Gone to his death. The wily flames surround,
And burn and beat his ladder to the ground;
In flaming columns move with quickened beat,
To rear a massive wall 'gainst his retreat.
Courageous heart, thy mission was so pure,
Suffering humanity must thy loss deplore:
Henceforth with martyred heroes thou shalt live,
Crowned with all honors nobleness can give.

Nay, not so fast! subdue these gloomy fears!
Behold! he quickly on the roof appears,
Bearing the tender child, his jacket warm
Flung round her shrinking form to guard from harm.
Up with your ladders! Quick! 'tis but a chance!
Behold how fast the roaring flames advance!
Quick! quick! brave spirits, to his rescue fly!
Up! up! by heavens, this hero must not die!

Silence! he comes along the burning road,
Bearing with tender care his living load;

Aha! he totters! Heaven in mercy save
The good, true heart that can so nobly brave!
He's up again! and now he's coming fast!
One moment, and the fiery ordeal's passed.
And now he's safe! Bold flames, ye fought in vain
A happy mother clasps her child again,

"Oh! Heaven bless you!" 'tis an earnest prayer
Which grateful thousands with that mother share.
Heaven bless the brave who on the war-clad field
Stand fast, stand firm, the nation's trusty shield!
Heaven bless the brave who on the mighty sea
Fearless uphold the standard of the free!
And Heaven's choicest blessing for the brave
Who fearless move our lives and homes to save!

GEORGE M. BAKER.

OLD AGE.

NOT long since a good-looking man in middle-life came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied, "I have lost my mother; and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our hearts rose in sympathy; and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well, yes," replied the strong man with hesitancy; "a mother is a great loss in general. But our mother had outlived her usefulness: she was in her second childhood; and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters; and, as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her; for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and re-

turned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours, — those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother;" and we wondered if that day could ever come when they could say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness: she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody;" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while their hearts are a part of our own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our token of respect for the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up: she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else."

These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One, two, three, four, five: how clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knee! Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, rang out the tale of her sports upon the greensward, in the meadow, and by the brook. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, spoke more gravely of school-days, and little household joys and cares. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new-sprung love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood, — of the love and cares and hopes and fears and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then; and the only strife was who should secure the prize: but hark! the bell tolls on!

Seventy one, two, three, four: she begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home; she murmurs in plaintive tones; and after all her toil and weariness it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in, that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty, eighty one, two, three, four: ah! now she is a second child; now "she has outlived her usefulness; she has ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody:" that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lonely forest, and echoing back from the "hill of the dead," eighty-nine. There she now lies in the coffin, cold and still: she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe; and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God; urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim his promise when heart and flesh should fail them. Then he said, "The eternal God shall be thy refuge; and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently, "From a little child I honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class has a right to demand of their fellow-creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day, — that she was brought to this town, from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride; that she has passed most of her life toiling as only mothers ever

have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters; that she left her home here, clad in weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that, till health and vigor left her, she lived for you her descendants.

"You, who together have shared her love and care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late! When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words and your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the 'evening of life,' that you may never say in the presence of your families nor of Heaven, 'Our mother has outlived her usefulness: she was a burden to us.' Never, never, never! a mother cannot live so long as that. No: when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosom, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their nature."

MAHMOUD.

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out, "My sorrow is my right!
And I *will* see the sultan, and to-night."
"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
I recognize its right, as king with king.
Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
Exclaimed the staring man, "and tortures us, —
One of thine officers: he comes, the abhorred,
And takes possession of my house, my board,
My bed. I have two daughters and a wife;
And the wild villain comes, and makes me mad with life."
"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. — "No: he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laughed me down the street, because I vowed
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.

I'm mad with want; I'm mad with misery:
And O thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!"
The sultan comforted the man, and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread
[For he was poor] and other comforts. Go;
And, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."
In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor re-appeared,
And said, "He's come." Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose, and took four slaves, each with a sword,
And went with the vexed man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,
That to the window fluttered in affright:
"Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
But tell the females first to leave the room;
And when the drunkard follows them, we come."
The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!
A table falls! the window is struck dark:
Forth rush the breathless women; and behind
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.
"Now *light* the light!" the sultan cried aloud.
'Twas done: *he took it in his hand, and bowed*
Over the corpse, and looked upon the face;
Then turned and knelt, and to the throne of grace
Put up a prayer; and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure; and he wept.
In reverent silence the beholders wait,
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;
And, when he had refreshed his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.
The man, amazed, all mildness now and tears,
Fell at the sultan's feet with many prayers,
And begged him to vouchsafe to tell his slave
The reason, first, of that command he gave
About the light; then, when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down; and, lastly, how it was
That fare so poor as his detained him in the place.
The sultan said, with a benignant eye,
"Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread, that one
By whom such daring villanies were done
Must be some lord of mine, — ay, e'en perhaps a son.

For this I had the light put out: but when
I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
I knelt, and thanked the sovereign Arbiter,
Whose work I had performed through pain and fear;
And then I rose, and was refreshed with food
The first time since thy voice had marred my solitude."

LEIGH HUNT

THE CLOSET SCENE.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "HAMLET."

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS, L.

Pol. (L.) He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. (C.) I'll warrant you;
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius conceals himself behind the arras,* L. S. E.

Enter HAMLET, R. D.

Ham. (R.) Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. (L.) Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. (R. C.) Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. (C.) Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And — would it were not so! — you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!
Ham. How now, a rat? [*Draws.*
Dead, for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind.*] Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Falls and dies.*
Queen. (R. C.) Oh me! what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not —
Is it the king?
Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Takes a candle, lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better. [*To the Queen.*
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; [*Gets chairs*] for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damnèd custom have not brazed it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense. [*Both sit, &c.*
Queen. (R. *of Hamlet.*) What have I done, that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue
In noise so rudè against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the blush and grace of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths. Oh! such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words —
Ah, me! that act!
Queen. Ah, me! what act?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow, —
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. —
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamèd bed —
Queen. No more, sweet Hamlet!
Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket —

Enter GHOST, R.

A king of shreds and patches — [*They rise.*
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings.
You heavenly guards! — What would your gracious figure?
[*Looks at the Ghost: the Queen looks a contrary way*
Queen. Alas! he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh, say!
Ghost. (R.) Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits:

Oh, step between her and her fighting soul!
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. [*To Ghost.*] Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there? [*Pointing,* R.
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves. [*Ghost crosses,* R.
Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost,* L.
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test.
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven:
Repent what's past: avoid what is to come.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain
Ham. (C.) Oh! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Good-night; but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good-night!
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you. — For this same lord
I do repent:
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good-night!
[*Exit Queen*, R.

I must be cruel, only to be kind·
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. [*Exit*, L.

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

So you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold,
And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks of gold;
Then come, if you will, and listen — stand close beside my knee —
To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their hearts' desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jewelled crown;
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's, rise

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall, —

First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-round,
And last slow-fading vision dear to the outward bound.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as you will pray to-night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone;
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street;
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous stroke on stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in nameless dread,
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city, were driven the surging crowd;
Where yet, firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the Church of St. Michael stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail, —
A cry of horror, blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings updriven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor, they watched it from the ships, —

A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the perilled city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard;
But they looked each one at his fellow; and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky,
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs with his feet and his hands;
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he stands;
Now once, and once only, they cheer him, — a single tempestuous breath,—
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire.
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air:
At the church-door mayor and council wait with their feet on the stair;

And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand, —
The unknown savior, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had perilled his life to save;
And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face of a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not loud,
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd: —
"You may keep your gold: I scorn it! — but answer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a *man?*"

He stepped but a short space backward; and from all the women and men
There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran:
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door, a man.

[ALDINE.

SAMSON.

NOON glowed on the hills: and the temple of Dagon
Now shook 'neath the gay, maddened revellers' tread;
For the champion of Israel has bowed to the pagan:
And the blood of the crushed grape flowed sparkling and red.

Feet chased flying feet, as in wild mazes bounded
Like roes of the mountain Philistia's fair girls:
Glad gushes of music from ruby lips sounded:
There were wreathing of white arms, and waving of curls.

Enthroned in the clouds rolling up from the altar,
The giant-like god of the proud nation stood:
There flesh did not fail, nor scorching flame falter;
The still air was faint with the incense of blood.

And short prayers were muttered; and censers were swinging;
In gorgeous piles matted lay offerings of flowers;
Wild harps were complaining; gay minstrels were singing;
And a gong sounded forth the captive's lone hours.

But now comes a mock, mournful sound of condoling;
And forth in his darkness, all haggard and wild,
His shaggy brow lowering, his glazed eyeballs rolling,
The strong man was guided as lead they a child.

Now higher the laugh and the rude jest are ringing,
As throng the gay revellers round the sad spot
Where the captive's shrunk arms to the pillars are clinging;
And altar and wine-cup and dance are forgot.
His right arm is lifted: they laugh to behold it,
So wasted and yellow and bony and long:
His forehead is bowed; and the black locks which fold it
Seem stirring with agony nameless and strong.

His right arm is lifted; but feebly it quivers, —
That arm which has singly with multitudes striven:
Beneath the cold sweat-drops his mighty frame shivers;
And now his pale lips move in pleading to Heaven.

"God of my sires, my foes are thine:
Oh! bend unto my last faint cry, —
The strength, the strength that once was mine! —
Then let me die.

I've been the terror of thy foes:
I've led thy people at thy call:
Now, sunk in shame, oppressed with woes,
Thus must I fall?

Oh! give me back my strength again!
For one brief moment let me feel
That lava flood in every vein,
Those nerves of steel.

My strength, my strength, great God of Heaven!
In agony I make my cry, —
One triumph o'er my foes be given! —
Then let me die."

A light from the darkened orbs stole in quick flashes;
The crisp matted locks to long sable wreaths sprung;
The hot blood came purpling in fountain-like dashes;
And to the carved pillars his long fingers clung.

The brawny arm strengthened, its muscle displaying;
Like bars wrought of iron the tense sinews stood:
Each thick swollen vein on his swarthy limbs straying
Was knotted and black with the pressure of blood.

One jeer from the crowd, — one long loud peal of laughter;
The captive bowed low: and the huge column swayed;
The firm chaptrel quivered; stooped arch, beam, and rafter:
And the temple of Dagon a ruin was laid.

Earth groaned 'neath the shock; and rose arching to heaven
Fierce, half-smothered cries as the gurgling life fled.
Day passed: and no sound broke the silence of even
But the jackal's long howl, as he crouched o'er the dead.

THE STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T COME TO GRIEF.

Once there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim; though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either, — a sick mother who was pious, and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," &c., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim; and there wasn't any thing the matter with his mother, — no consumption, or any thing of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise; and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account.

She said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep; and she never kissed him good-night: on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this little bad boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there, and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good, kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No: that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out, he denied knowing any thing about it; and she whipped him severely; and he did the crying himself. Every thing about this boy was curious: every thing turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples; and the limb didn't break; and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick-bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no! he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange: nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats, and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs; and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on, — nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife; and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he

slipped it into George Wilson's cap, — poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst, and strike an attitude, and say, "Spare this noble boy: there stands the cowering culprit. I was passing the school-door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed." And then Jim didn't get whaled; and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand, and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No: it would have happened that way in the books; but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got threshed; and Jim was glad of it, because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look and look and look through the Sunday-school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across any thing like this. Oh, no! you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday; and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life: that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the

elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco; and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua-fortis. He stole his father's gun, and went hunting on the sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry; and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No: she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no! he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernalest wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life. MARK TWAIN.

MR. CAUDLE AND HIS SECOND WIFE.

WHEN Harry Prettyman saw the very superb funeral of Mrs. Caudle, — Prettyman attended as mourner, and was particularly jolly in the coach, — he observed that the disconsolate widower showed, that, above all men, he knew how to make the best of a bad bargain. The remark, as the dear deceased would have said, was unmanly, brutal, but quite like *that Prettyman*. The same scoffer, when Caudle declared "he should never cease to weep," replied, "he was very sorry to hear it: for it *must* raise the price of onions." It was not enough to help to break the heart of a wife; no, the savage must joke over its precious pieces.

The funeral, we repeat, was remarkably handsome: in Prettyman's words, nothing could be more satisfactory. Caudle spoke of a monument. Whereupon Prettyman sug-

gested "Death gathering a nettle." Caudle — the act did equal honor to his brain and his bosom — rejected it.

Mr. Caudle, attended by many of his friends, returned to his widowed home in tolerable spirits. Prettyman said, jocosely poking his two fingers in Caudle's ribs, that in a week he'd look "quite a tulip." Caudle merely replied — he could hardly hope it.

Prettyman's mirth, however, communicated itself to the company; and in a very little time the meeting took the air of a very pleasant party. Somehow, Miss Prettyman presided at the tea-table. There was in her manner a charming mixture of grace, dignity, and confidence, — a beautiful black swan. Prettyman, by the way, whispered to a friend, that there was just this difference between Mrs. Caudle and his sister, — "Mrs. Caudle was a great goose, whereas Sarah was a little duck." We will not swear that Caudle did not overhear the words; for, as he resignedly stirred his tea, he looked at the lady at the head of the table, smiled, and sighed.

It was odd; but women are so apt! Miss Prettyman seemed as familiar with Caudle's silver tea-pot as with her own silver thimble. With a smile upon her face — like the butter on the muffins — she handed Caudle his tea-cup. Caudle would, now and then, abstractedly cast his eyes above the mantle-piece. There was Mrs. Caudle's portrait. Whereupon Miss Prettyman would say, "You must take comfort, Mr. Caudle, indeed you must." At length Mr. Caudle replied, "I will, Miss Prettyman."

What then passed through Caudle's brain we know not; but this we know: in a twelvemonth and a week from that day, Sarah Prettyman was Caudle's second wife, — Mrs. Caudle number two. Poor thing!

Mr. Caudle begins to "show off the Fiend that's in him."

"It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married four weeks, — I don't exactly see what you have to sigh about, — and yet you can't make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I'm not one of the people to be

melted by the tears of a woman; for you can all cry — all of you — at a minute's notice. The water's always laid on, and down it comes if a man only holds up his finger.

"*You didn't think I could be so brutal?* That's it. Let a man only speak, and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It's all very well with your tambour-work and such trumpery. You can make butterflies on kettle-holders; but can you make a pudding, ma'am? I'll be bound not.

"Of course, as usual; you've given me the corner-roll, because you know I hate a corner-roll. I did think you must have seen that. I *did* hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject; but it's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that's hopeless.

"And what a herring! And you call it a bloater, I suppose? Ha! there *was* a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but — sainted creature! — she's here no longer. You *wish she was?* Oh, I understand that. I'm sure, if anybody should wish her back, it's — but she was too good for me. 'When I'm gone, Caudle,' she used to say, 'then you'll know the wife I was to you.' And now I do know it.

"Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I'm a canary-bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? Don't tell me about the servant. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people: if she doesn't, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

"There you are with your pocket-handkerchief again, — the old flag of truce; but it doesn't trick me. A *pretty honeymoon?* Honeymoon? nonsense! People can't have two honeymoons in their lives. There *are* feelings — I find it now — that we can't have twice in our existence. There's no making honey a second time.

"No: I think I've put up with your neglect long enough: and there's nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn't made a little more to my liking to-morrow — and if you insult me with a herring like that — and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns — why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up — I say, when I am up — that's all.

"Where did I put my gloves? You *don't know?* Of course not: you know nothing." — DOUGLAS JERROLD'S *Fireside Saints.*

TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;
As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momently, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said.
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,
"I never am unhappy." Tauler laid
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve.

"Tell me, O father! what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs; for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,

I find it in submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of knowledge, goodness, and almighty power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark,
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.
What Hell may be I know not: this I know,—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Life the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said,
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work, chiselled by the wise
Erwin of Steinback, dizzily up to where
In the noon-brightness the great minster's tower
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold" he said,

"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of wisdom cast thereon:
And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

WHITTIER.

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes bitten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm,
We let the old folks have the highway
And started towards the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said:
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet;
The moon was full; the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff —
O sculptor, if you could but mould it! —
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered;
We heard the voices nearer come;
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her head,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled;
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead;
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister;
But somehow full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love; yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give — But who can live youth over?

E. C. STEDMAN.

OLD FARMER GRAY GETS PHOTOGRAPHED.

I WANT you to take a picter o' me and my old woman here,
Jest as we be, if you please sir, — wrinkles, gray hairs, and all;
We never was vain at our best, and we're going on eighty year,
But we've got some boys to be proud of, — straight, an' handsome and tall.

They are coming home this summer, the nineteenth day of July,
Tom wrote me (Tom's a lawyer in Boston, since forty eight);
So we're going to try and surprise 'em, my old wife and I, —
Tom, Harry, Zay, and Elisha, and the two girls, Jenny and Kate.

I guess you've heern of Elisha, he preaches in Middletown.
I'm a Methody, myself, but he's 'Piscopal he says.
Don't s'pose it makes much difference, only he wears a gown;
An' I couldn't abide (bein' old and set) what *I* call them Popish ways.

But he's good, for *I* brought him up; and Tom and Harry 'n' Zay,
They're merchants down to the city, an' don't forget mother 'n' me.
They'd give us the fat of the land, if we'd only come that way.
And Jenny and Kate are hearty off, for they married rich, you see.

Well, lud, that's a curious fix, sir! Do you screw it into the head?
I've hearn' o' this photography, and I reckon its scary work.
Do you take the picters by lightnin'? — La, yes; so the neighbors said:
It's the sun that does it, old woman; 'n' he never was known to shirk.

Wal, yes, I'll be readin' the Bible: old woman, what'll you do?
Jest sit on the other side o' me 'n' I'll take hold o' your hand.
That's the way we courted, mister, if it's all the same to you;
And that's the way we're a goin', please God, to the light o' the better land.

never could look that thing in the face, if my eyes was as good as gold.
'Tain't over? Do say! What, the work is done? Old woman that beats the Dutch.

Jest think! we've got our picters took; and we nigh eighty year old:
There ain't many couples in our town, of our age, that can say as much.

You see, on the nineteenth of next July our Golden Wedding comes on,
For fifty year in the sun and rain we've pulled at the same old cart.
We've never had any trouble to speak of, only our poor son John
Went wrong, an' I drove him off; 'n' it about broke the old woman's heart.

There's a drop of bitter in every sweet. And my old woman and me
Will think of John when the rest come home. Would I forgive him, young sir?
He was a boy; and I was a fool for bein' so hard you see:
If I could jist git him atween these arms, I'd stick to him like a burr.

And what's to pay for the sunshine that's painted my gray old phiz?
Nothin'! That's cur'us! You don't work for the pleasure of working, hey?
Old woman, look here! there's Tom in that face — I'm blest if the chin isn't his! —
Good God! she knows him — It's our son John, the boy that we drove away.

JOHN H. YATES.

MR. O'GALLAGHER'S THREE ROADS TO LEARNING.

ADAPTED FROM "PERCIVAL KEENE."

MR. O'GALLAGHER sat upon his throne. I say "throne," because he had not a desk, as schoolmasters generally have, but a sort of square dais about eighteen inches high, on which was placed another oblong superstructure of the same height, serving him for a seat: both parts were cov-

ered with some patched and torn old drugget; and upon subsequent examination I found them to consist of three old claret-cases without covers, which he had probably picked up very cheap, two of them turned upside down so as to form the lower square, and the third placed in the same way, upside down, upon the two lower. Mr. O'Gallagher sat in great dignity upon the upper one, with his feet on the lower, being thus sufficiently raised upon an eminence to command a view of the whole of his pupils in every part of the school. He was not a tall man, but very square-built, with carroty hair and very bushy red whiskers: to me he appeared a most formidable person, especially when he opened his large mouth and displayed his teeth, when I was reminded of the sign of the Red Lion, close to my mother's house. I certainly never had been before so much awed during my short existence, as I was with the appearance of my pedagogue, who sat before me somewhat in the fashion of a Roman tribune, holding in his hand a short round ruler, as if it were his truncheon of authority. I had not been a minute in the school before I observed him to raise his arm; away went the ruler, whizzing through the air, until it hit the skull of the lad for whom it was intended, at the other end of the schoolroom. The boy, who had been talking to his neighbor, rubbed his poll, and whined.

"Why don't you bring back my ruler, you spalpeen?" said Mr. O'Gallagher. "Be quick, Johnny Target, or it will end in a blow-up."

The boy, who was not a little confused with the blow, sufficiently recovered his senses to obey the order, and, whimpering as he came up, returned the ruler to the hands of Mr. O'Gallagher.

"That tongue of yours will get you into more trouble than it will business, I expect, Johnny Target: it's an unruly member, and requires a constant ruler over it." Johnny Target rubbed his head, and said nothing.

"Master Keene," said he after a short pause, "did you see what a tundering tump on the head that boy got just now? and do you know what it was for?"

"No," replied I.

"Where's your manners, you animal? 'No!' If you plase, for the future, you must not forget to say 'No, sir,' or 'No, Mr. O'Gallagher.' D'ye mind me! Now say 'Yes' — what?"

"Yes, what."

"Yes, what! you little ignoramus! say 'Yes, Mr. O'Gallagher,' and recollect, as the parish clerk says, 'this is the last time of asking.'"

"Yes, Mr. O'Gallagher."

"Ah! now, you see, there's nothing like coming to school; you've learnt manners already: and now, to go back again as to why Johnny Target had the rap on the head, which brought tears into his eyes. I'll just tell you, it was for talking. You see, the first thing for a boy to learn is, to hold his tongue: and that shall be your lesson for the day; you'll just sit down there; and if you say one word during the whole time you are in the school, it will end in a blow up: that means on the present occasion, that I'll skin you alive as they do the eels, which, being rather keen work, will just suit your constitution."

"Now, Mr. Keene," said he, "you'll be so good as to lend me your ears, that is, to listen while I talk to you a little bit. D'ye know how many roads there are to larning? Hold your tongue: I ask you because I know you don't know, and because I'm going to tell you. There are exactly three roads. The first is the eye, my jewel: and if a lad has a sharp eye like yours, it's a great deal that will get into his head by that road; you'll know a thing when you see it again, although you mayn't know your own father: that's a secret only known to your mother. The second road to larning, you spalpeen, is the ear; and if you mind all people say, and hear all you can, you'll gain a great many truths, and just ten times as much more in the shape of lies; you see the wheat and the chaff will come together; and you must pick the latter out of the former at any seasonable future opportunity. Now we come to the third road to larning, which is quite a different sort of road, because you see the two first give us little trouble, and we trot along almost whether we will or not; the third and grand road is the head itself, which requires the eye and ear to help it, and two other assistants, which we call memory and application; so you see we have the visual, then the aural, and then the mental roads, — three hard words which you don't understand, and which I sha'n't take the trouble to explain to such an animal as you are; for I never throw away pearls to swine, as the saying is. Now then, Mr. Keene, we must come to another part of our history. As there are three

roads to larning, so there are three manes or implements by which boys are stimulated to larn: the first is the ruler, which you saw me shy at the thick skull of Johnny Target; and you see'd what a rap it gave him. Well, then, the second is a ferule, a thing you never heard of, perhaps, but I'll show it you; here it is." continued Mr. O'Gallagher, producing a sort of flat wooden ladle with a hole in the centre of it, "the ruler is for the head, as you have seen: the ferule is for the hand. You have seen me use the ruler: now I'll show you what I do with the ferule.

"You, Tommy Goskin, come here, sir."

Tommy Goskin put down his book, and came up to his master with a good deal of doubt in his countenance.

"Tommy Goskin, you didn't say your lesson well to-day."

"Yes I did, Mr. O'Gallagher," replied Tommy: "you said I did yourself."

"Well, then, sir, you didn't say it well yesterday," continued Mr. O'Gallagher.

"Yes, I did, sir," replied the boy, whimpering.

"And is it you who dares to contradict me?" cried Mr. O'Gallagher: "at all events, you won't say it well to-morrow; so hold out your right hand."

Poor Tommy held it out, and roared lustily at the first blow, wringing his fingers with the smart.

"Now your left hand, sir; fair play is a jewel: always carry the dish even."

Tommy received a blow on his left hand, which was followed up with similar demonstrations of suffering.

"There, sir, you may go now," said Mr. O'Gallagher; "and mind you don't do it again, or else there'll be a blow-up. And now, Master Keene, we come to the third and last, which is the birch for the back. Here it is: have you ever had a taste?"

"No, sir," replied I.

"Well, then, you have that pleasure to come; and come it will, I don't doubt, if you and I are a few days longer acquainted. Let me see"—

Here Mr. O'Gallagher looked round the school as if to find a culprit; but the boys, aware of what was going on, kept their eyes so attentively to their books, that he could not discover one: at last he singled out a fat chubby lad.

"Walter Puddock, come here, sir."

Walter Puddock came accordingly: evidently he gave himself up for lost.

"Walter Puddock, I have just been telling Master Keene that you're the best Latin scholar in the whole school. Now sir, don't make me out to be a liar; do me credit; or, by the blood of the O'Gallaghers, I'll flog ye till you're as thin as a herring. What's the Latin for a cocked hat, as the Roman gentlemen wore with their *togeys?*"

Walter Puddock hesitated a few seconds.

"See, now! the guilty tief! he knows what's coming; shame upon you, Walter Puddock, to disgrace your preceptor so, and make him tell a lie to young Master Keene! Where's Phil Mooney? Come along, sir, and hoist Walter Puddock; it's no larning that I can drive into you, Phil, but it's sartain sure that by your manes I drive a little into the other boys."

Walter Puddock, as soon as he was on the back of Phil Mooney, received a dozen cuts with the rod, well laid on. He bore it without flinching, although the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"There, Walter Puddock, I told you it would end in a blow-up. Go to your dictionary, you dirty blackguard, and do more credit to your education and superior instruction from a certain person who shall be nameless."

Mr. O'Gallagher laid the rod on one side, and then continued, —

"Now, Master Keene, I've just shown you the three roads to larning, and also the three implements to persuade little boys to larn: if you don't travel very fast by the three first, why, you will be followed up very smartly by the three last. A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse, any day. And now, you've got the whole theory of the art of tuition, Master Keene: please the pigs, we'll commence with the practice to-morrow."

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

THE JESTER'S SERMON.

THE jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair;
The pages laughed; the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;
The falcon whistled; stag-hounds bayed; the lap-dog barked without;
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown; the cook railed at the lout;

The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall, —
And why? Because the jester rose to say grace in the hall.

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain;
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they turned red;
But still the jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head.
And, when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text.
And, waving hand, stood on the desk, then frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.
In a thousand pounds of law, I find not a single ounce of love.
A blind man killed the pastor's cow in shooting at the dove.
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well.
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the belle.

"Let no man halloo he is safe, till he is through the wood.
He who will not when he may must tarry when he should.
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight.
Oh! he who once has won a name may lie abed till eight.
Make haste to purchase house and land: be very slow to wed.
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief, the pudding in his sleeve.
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish — by your leave.
To travel well, — an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.
He does not care a pin for thieves, who limps about and begs.

Be always first man at a feast, and last man at a fray.
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.

"When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's not much
for the clerk.
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up, the storm
grows dark."
Then loud they laughed; the fat cook's tears ran down into
the pan;
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brim-
ming can;
And then again the women screamed; and every stag-hound
bayed, —
And why? Because the motley fool so wise a sermon
made.

WALTER THORNBURY.

"THE BOOFER LADY."

PUNCTUAL to the time, appeared the carriage and the secretary. He sat on the box, and Mr. Sloppy graced the rumble. So, to the Three Magpies as before, where Mrs. Boffin and Miss Bella were handed out, and whence they all went on foot to Mrs. Betty Higden's.

But, on the way down, they had stopped at a toy-shop, and had bought that noble charger, a description of whose points and trappings had on the last occasion conciliated the then worldly-minded orphan, and also a Noah's ark, and also a yellow bird with an artificial voice in him, and also a military doll so well dressed, that, if he had only been of life-size, his brother-officers in the Guards might never have found him out. Bearing these gifts, they raised the latch of Betty Higden's door, and saw her sitting in the dimmest and farthest corner with poor Johnny in her lap.

"And how's my boy, Betty?" asked Mrs. Boffin, sitting down beside her.

"He's bad! He's bad!" said Betty. "I begin to be afeerd he'll not be yours any more than mine. All others belonging to him have gone to the Power and the Glory; and I have a mind that they're drawing him to them, — leading him away."

"No, no, no!" said Mrs. Boffin.

"I don't know why else he clenches his little hand as if it had hold of a finger that I can't see. Look at it," said Betty, opening the wrappers in which the flushed child lay, and showing his small right hand lying closed upon his breast. "It's always so. It don't mind me."

"Is he asleep?"

"No, I think not. You're not asleep, my Johnny?"

"No," said Johnny, with a quiet air of pity for himself, and without opening his eyes.

"Here's the lady, Johnny, and the horse."

Johnny could bear the lady with complete indifference, but not the horse. Opening his heavy eyes, he slowly broke into a smile on beholding that splendid phenomenon, and wanted to take it in his arms. As it was much too big, it was put upon a chair where he could hold it by the mane, and contemplate it; which he soon forgot to do.

But Johnny murmuring something with his eyes closed, and Mrs. Boffin not knowing what, old Betty bent her ear to listen, and took pains to understand. Being asked by her to repeat what he had said, he did so two or three times; and then it came out that he must have seen more than they supposed when he looked up to see the horse; for the murmur was, "Who is the boofer lady?" Now, the boofer, or beautiful, lady was Bella; and, whereas this notice from the poor baby would have touched her of itself, it was rendered more pathetic by the late melting of her heart to her poor little father, and their joke about the lovely woman; so Bella's behavior was very tender and very natural when she kneeled on the brick floor to clasp the child, and when the child, with a child's admiration of what is young and pretty, fondled the boofer lady.

"Now, my good dear Betty," said Mrs. Boffin, hoping that she saw her opportunity, and laying her hand persuasively on her arm; "we have come to remove Johnny from this cottage to where he can be taken better care of."

Instantly, and before another word could be spoken, the old woman started up with blazing eyes, and rushed at the door with the sick child.

"Stand away from me, every one of ye!" she cried out wildly. "I see what ye mean now. Let me go my way, all of ye. I'd sooner kill the pretty, and kill myself!"

"Stay, stay!" said Rokesmith, soothing her. "You don't understand."

"I understand too well. I know too much about it, sir. I've run from it too many a year. No! Never for me, nor for the child, while there's water enough in England to cover us!"

The terror, the shame, the passion of horror and repugnance, firing the worn face, and perfectly maddening it, would have been a quite terrible sight, if embodied in one old fellow-creature alone. Yet it "crops up"—as our slang goes—my lords and gentlemen and honorable boards, in other fellow-creatures, rather frequently.

"It's been chasing me all my life; but it shall never take me nor mine alive!" cried old Betty. "I've done with ye. I'd have fastened door and window, and starved out, afore I'd ever have let ye in, if I had known what ye came for!"

But, catching sight of Mrs. Boffin's wholesome face, she relented, and, crouching down by the door, and bending over her burden to hush it, said humbly: "Maybe my fears has put me wrong. If they have so, tell me, and the good Lord forgive me! I'm quick to take this fright, I know; and my head is summ'at light with wearying and watching."

"There, there, there!" returned Mrs. Boffin. "Come, come! Say no more of it, Betty. It was a mistake, a mistake. Any one of us might have made it in your place, and felt just as you do."

"The Lord bless ye!" said the old woman, stretching out her hand.

"Now, see, Betty," pursued the sweet, compassionate soul, holding the hand kindly, "what I really did mean, and what I should have begun by saying out, if I had only been a little wiser and handier. We want to move Johnny to a place where there are none but children,—a place set up on purpose for sick children; where the good doctors and nurses pass their lives with children, talk to none but children, touch none but children, comfort and cure none but children."

"Is there really such a place?" asked the old woman with a gaze of wonder.

"Yes, Betty, on my word; and you shall see it. If my home was a better place for the dear boy, I'd take him to it; but indeed, indeed, it's not."

"You shall take him," returned Betty, fervently kissing the comforting hand, "where you will, my deary. I am not so hard but that I believe your face and voice; and I will, as long as I can see and hear."

This victory gained, Rokesmith made haste to profit by it; for he saw how wofully time had been lost. He despatched Sloppy to bring the carriage to the door, caused the child to be carefully wrapped up, bade old Betty get her bonnet on, collected the toys, enabling the little fellow to comprehend that his treasures were to be transported with him; and had all things prepared so easily that they were ready for the carriage as soon as it appeared, and in a minute afterwards were on their way. Sloppy they left behind, relieving his overcharged breast with a paroxysm of mangling.

At the Children's Hospital, the gallant steed, the Noah's ark, the yellow bird, and the officer in the Guards, were made as welcome as their child-owner. But the doctor said aside to Rokesmith, "This should have been days ago. Too late!"

However, they were all carried up into a fresh, airy room; and there Johnny came to himself out of a sleep or a swoon, or whatever it was, to find himself lying in a little quiet bed, with a little platform over his breast, on which were already arranged, to give him heart, and urge him to cheer up, the Noah's ark, the noble steed, and the yellow bird, with the officer in the Guards doing duty over the whole, quite as much to the satisfaction of his country as if he had been upon parade. And at the bed's head was a colored picture beautiful to see, — representing as it were another Johnny seated on the knee of some angel, surely, who loved little children, — and, marvellous fact, to lie and stare at. Johnny had become one of a little family, all in little quiet beds (except two playing dominoes in little armchairs at a little table on the hearth); and on all the little beds were little platforms whereon were to be seen dolls' houses, woolly dogs with mechanical barks in them, not very dissimilar from the artificial voice pervading the bowels of the yellow bird; tin armies, Moorish tumblers, wooden tea-things, and the riches of the earth.

As Johnny murmured something in his placid admiration, the ministering woman at his bed's head asked him what he said. It seemed that he wanted to know whether all these were brothers and sisters of his; so they told him "Yes." It seemed then that he wanted to know whether God had brought them all together there; so they told him "Yes" again. They made out then that he wanted to know

whether they would all get out of pain; so they answered "Yes" to that question likewise, and made him understand that the reply included himself.

Johnny's powers of sustaining conversation were as yet so very imperfectly developed, even in a state of health, that in sickness they were little more than monosyllabic. But he had to be washed and tended, and remedies were applied; and though those offices were far, far more skilfully and lightly done than ever any thing had been done for him in his little life, so rough and short, they would have hurt and tired him but for an amazing circumstance which laid hold of his attention. This was no less than the appearance on his own little platform, in pairs, of all creation, on its way into his own particular ark: the elephant leading, and the fly, with a diffident sense of his size, politely bringing up the rear. A very little brother lying in the next bed, with a broken leg, was so enchanted by this spectacle that his delight exalted its enthralling interest; and so came rest and sleep.

"I see you are not afraid to leave the dear child here, Betty," whispered Mrs. Boffin.

"No, ma'am. Most willingly, most thankfully, with all my heart and soul."

So they kissed him, and left him there; and old Betty was to come back early in the morning; and nobody but Rokesmith knew for certain how that the doctor had said, "This should have been days ago. Too late!"

But Rokesmith knowing it, and knowing that his bearing it in mind would be acceptable thereafter to that good woman who had been the only light in the childhood of desolate John Harmon dead and gone, resolved that late at night he would go back to the bedside of John Harmon's namesake, and see how it fared with him.

The family whom God had brought together were not all asleep, but were all quiet. From bed to bed, a light womanly tread and a pleasant fresh face passed in the silence of the night. A little head would lift itself up into the softened light, here and there, to be kissed as the face went by, — for these little patients are very loving, — and would then submit itself to be composed to rest again. The mite with the broken leg was restless, and moaned, but after a while turned his face towards Johnny's bed, to fortify himself with a view of the ark, and fell asleep. Over most of

the beds, the toys were yet grouped as the children had left them when they last laid themselves down; and, in their innocent grotesqueness and incongruity, they might have stood for the children's dreams.

The doctor came in, too, to see how it fared with Johnny; and he and Rokesmith stood together, looking down with compassion on him.

"What is it, Johnny?" Rokesmith was the questioner, and put an arm round the poor baby as he made a struggle.

"Him!" said the little fellow. "Those!"

The doctor was quick to understand children; and, taking the horse, the ark, the yellow bird, and the man in the Guards, from Johnny's bed, softly placed them on that of his next neighbor, the mite with the broken leg.

With a weary and yet a pleased smile, and with an action as if he stretched his little finger out to rest, the child heaved his body on the sustaining arm, and, seeking Rokesmith's face with his lips, said, —

"A kiss for the boofer lady."

Having now bequeathed all he had to dispose of, and arranged his affairs in this world, Johnny, thus speaking, left it. — DICKENS'S *Mutual Friend.*

DEFIANCE OF HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

Years after years had gone and fled:
The good old prelate lies lapped in lead:
In the chapel still is shown
His sculptured form on a marble stone,
With staff and ring and scapulaire,
And folded hands in the act of prayer.
Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now
On the haughty Saxon bold Aldingar's brow.
The power of his crozier he loved to extend
O'er whatever would break or whatever would bend;
And now hath he clothed him in cope and in pall;
And the chapter of Durham has met at his call.
"And hear ye not, brethren," the proud bishop said,
"That our vassal the Danish Count Witikind's dead?

All his gold and his goods hath he given
To holy Church for the love of Heaven,
And hath founded a chantry with stipend and dole,
That priests and that beadsmen may pray for his soul;
Harold his son is wandering abroad,
Dreaded by man, and abhorred by God;
Meet it is not that such should heir
The lands of the Church on the Tyne and the Wear;
And at her pleasure, her hallowed hands
May now resume these wealthy lands."

The prelate was to prayer addressed:
Each head sunk reverent on each breast;
But ere his voice was heard, without
Arose a wild tumultuous shout,
Offspring of wonder mixed with fear,
Such as in crowded streets we hear,
Hailing the flames that, bursting out,
Attract yet scare the rabble rout.
Ere it had ceased a giant hand
Shook oaken door and iron band,
Till oak and iron both gave way:
Clashed the long bolts; the hinges bray;
And ere upon angel or saint they can call,
Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of the hall.

"Now save ye, my masters, both rocket and rood,
From bishop with mitre to deacon with hood!
For here stands Count Harold, old Witikind's son,
Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors won."
The prelate looked round him with sore-troubled eye,
Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny,
While each canon and deacon who heard the Dane speak
To be safely at home would have fasted a week.
Then Aldingar roused him, and answered again, —
"Thou suest for a boon which thou canst not obtain;
The Church hath no fiefs for an unchristened Dane.
Thy father was wise, and his treasure hath given
That the priests of a chantry might hymn him to heaven;
And the fiefs which whilom he possessed as his due
Have lapsed to the Church, and been granted anew
To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere,
For the service Saint Cuthbert's blessed banner to bear,
When the bands of the North come to foray the Wear.

Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling or blame;
But in peace and in patience pass hence as you came."

Loud laughed the stern pagan: "They're free from the care
Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere:
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone, and a corselet of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar! the tokens!" and, severed anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shuddered with terror both canon and monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the countenance shrunk,
And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
There was not a churchman or priest that was there,
But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to prayer.

Count Harold laughed at their looks of fear:
"Was this the hand should your banner bear?
Was that the head should wear the casque
In battle at the Church's task?
Was it to such you gave the place
Of Harold with the heavy mace?
Find me between the Wear and Tyne
A knight will wield this club of mine;
Give him my fiefs; and I will say
There's wit beneath the cowl of gray."
He raised it, rough with many a stain,
Caught from crushed skull and spouting brain;
He wheeled it that it shrilly sung,
And the aisles echoed as it swung,
Then dashed it down with sheer descent,
And split King Osric's monument.
"How like ye this music? How trow ye the hand
That can wield such a mace may be reft of its land?
No answer? I spare ye a space to agree;
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be!
Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on your bell,
And again I am with you: grave fathers, farewell!"

SCOTT.

BATTLE HYMN.

Father of earth and heaven, I call thy name:
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame. Oh! hear, God of eternal power.

God, thou art merciful. The wintry storm,
The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,
But show the sterner grandeur of thy form.
The lightnings, glancing through the midnight gloom.
To Faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely come
As splendors of the autumnal evening star,
As roses shaken by the breeze's plume,
When like cool incense comes the dewy air,
And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar.

God, thou art mighty. At thy footstool bound,
Lie, gazing to thee, chance and life and death;
Nor in the angel circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath.
Woe in thy frown; in thy smile, victory:
Hear my last prayer. I ask no mortal wreath:
Let but these eyes my rescued country see;
Then take my spirit, All-Omnipotent, to thee.

Now for the fight! Now for the cannon-peal!
Forward, through blood and toil and cloud and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire.
They shake; like broken waves their squares retire:
On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel!
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire;
Earth cries for blood. In thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph seal.

KORNER.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD FRENCH LEGEND.

The fettered spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the great Archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once — so runs the legend —
When the archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And, though a great Te Deum
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke;
So, when St. Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke: —

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize Our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish

Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my life away;
Not all love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him,—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace,— then I know
He would endure his patience,
And strive against his woe."

Thus the archangel answered:—
"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet, if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then, through a special mercy,
I offer you this grace,—
You may seek him who mourns you,
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

"But, when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment,
A thousand years in pain:
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain."

. . . . . .

The lime-trees' shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,

In low and tender converse,
A bridegroom and his bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices: —
What is that cold bleak air
That passes through the lime-trees,
And stirs the bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale: —
Why does the bridegroom shudder
And turn so deadly pale?

. . . . . .

Near purgatory's entrance
The radiant angels wait;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the angel:
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,
For heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

ENGLAND'S sun, bright setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty, at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair, —
He with step so slow and weary: she with sunny, floating hair;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful: she, with lips so
cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not
ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison
old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp
and cold,—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew; and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew
strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers: "curfew must not ring
to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced her
young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows,—like a deadly-poisoned
dart),
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy,
shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right:
Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Girl, the curfew rings to-
night!"

Wild her eyes, and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow;
And, within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn
vow.
She had listened, while the judges read, without a tear or
sigh,—
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood *must die*."
And her breath came fast and faster; and her eyes grew
large and bright;
One low murmur, scarcely spoken, "Curfew *must not* ring to-
night."

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old
church-door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft
before:

Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew *shall not* ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs the great, dark bell;
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See! the ponderous tongue is swinging; 'tis the hour of curfew now;
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs, and grasps it firmly: "Curfew *shall not* ring to-night."

Out she swung, — far out: the city seemed a tiny speck below, —
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell);
And he thought the twilight curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell:
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: "*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er: the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting sun

Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires, with heads of white,
Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell: Bessie saw him; and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light:
"Go! your lover lives," cried Cromwell: "curfew shall not ring to-night."

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

THARE was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thurst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin' house; and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the spring of the year, to see our sevral mothers (Betsy's and mine), with their gowns pin'd up so they couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitly Bilin sope together, & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankerd intensly arter the objeck of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it; but my tung would kerwollup up agin the roof of my mowth, & stick thar like detin to a deseast Afrikan, or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old-fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn-door.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht; and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with

Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's pastur. We'd been rompin threw the woods, kullin flours, & driving the woodchuck from his Nativ Lar (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fense, a-swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool-house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense; while my rite was woundid luvinly round her waste.

I cleared my throat, and tremblinly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effeck it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her; for she up and sed, —

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say, so there! now cum!" with which observashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans."

She bowd her hed down, and commenst chawin the strings to her sun-bonnet.

"Ar, could you know the sleeplis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form, and these 'ere sunken cheeks" —

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time; but unfortunitly I lost my ballunse, and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close, and seveerly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time, and dragged me 4th. Then, drawin herself up to her full hite, she sed, —

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses; and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's, & was made 1 that very nite.

. . . . . .

I've parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then; but Betsy

Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strickly to bizniss I've amarsed a handsum Pittance. No man on this foot-stool can rise & git up and say I ever knowinly injered no man or wimmin folks; while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax figgers, & the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky, — the most amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a discriminatin public.

ARTEMUS WARD

HOW TERRY SAVED HIS BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potato-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"Ah! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, ma bochel! sure the praties will wait."

"Och! no," sis Terry: "I must dig on this ridge for the childers' breakfast; an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" sis Mick: "Sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen-fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it: an' it would be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gossoons at home, to say nothin' iv myself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying, "I won't take it: why would I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," replied he;

"an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me. But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it."

Well, into his great-coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kilt and ruined, horse and foot, now, joy, Terry. What'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thry an' make the best of it, anyhow," says he to himself; and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out, —

"Oh! stop, stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness' sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sur, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of niver having done the like afore, sur, niver!"

"Come!" said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your riverince, I will tell id; but, sur, I'm ashamed like."

"Oh! never mind: tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your riverince, I went out one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business; an' he bein' ingaged, I was showed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hanging in the chimbly-corner. I looked at id, your riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaze, sur, I'll give it to you;" and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins. "No, certainly not: give it back to the owner of it."

"Why, then, your riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest: "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately; but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaze, sur."

Terence received absolution, and went home rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

THE SENATOR'S PLEDGE.

The trust conferred on me is one of the most weighty which a citizen can receive. It concerns the grandest interests of our own Commonwealth, and also of the Union in which we are an indissoluble link. Like every post of eminent duty, it is a post of eminent honor. A personal ambition, such as I cannot confess, might be satisfied to possess it; but, when I think what it requires, I am obliged to say that its honors are all eclipsed by its duties.

Your appointment finds me in a private station, with which I am entirely content. For the first time in my life I am called to political office. With none of the experience possessed by others, to smooth the way of labor, I might well hesitate. But I am cheered by the generous confidence which throughout a lengthened contest persevered in sustaining me, and by the conviction, that, amidst all seeming differences of party, the sentiments of which I am the known advocate, and which led to my original selection as candidate, are dear to the hearts of the people throughout this Commonwealth. I derive also a most grateful consciousness of personal independence from the circumstance, which I deem it frank and proper thus publicly to declare and place on record, that this office comes to me unsought and undesired.

Acknowledging the right of my country to the service of her sons wherever she chooses to place them, and with a heart full of gratitude that a sacred cause is permitted to triumph through me, I now accept the post of senator.

I accept it as the servant of Massachusetts, mindful of the sentiments solemnly uttered by her successive legislatures, of the genius which inspires her history, and of the men, her perpetual pride and ornament, who breathed into her that breath of liberty which early made her an example to her sister States. In such a service, the way, though new to my footsteps, is illumined by lights which cannot be missed.

I accept it as the servant of the Union, bound to study and maintain the interests of all parts of our country with equal patriotic care, to discountenance every effort to loosen any of those ties by which our fellowship of States is held in fraternal company, and to oppose all *sectionalism*, in what-

soever form, — whether in unconstitutional efforts by the North to carry so great a boon as freedom into the slave States; in unconstitutional efforts by the South, aided by Northern allies, to carry the *sectional* evil of slavery into the free States; or in any efforts whatsoever to extend the *sectional* domination of slavery over the national government. With me the Union is twice blessed, — first, as powerful guardian of the repose and happiness of thirty-one States clasped by the endearing name of country; and next, as model and beginning of that all-embracing federation of States, by which unity, peace, and concord will finally be organized among the nations. Nor do I believe it possible, whatever the delusion of the hour, that any part can be permanently lost from its well-compacted bulk. *E Pluribus Unum* is stamped upon the national coin, the national territory, and the national heart. Though composed of many parts united into one, the Union is separable only by a crash which shall destroy the whole.

Entering now upon the public service, I venture to bespeak, for what I do or say, that candid judgment which I trust always to have for others, but which I am well aware the prejudices of party too rarely concede. I may fail in ability, but not in sincere effort to promote the general weal. In the conflict of opinion, natural to the atmosphere of liberal institutions, I may err; but I trust never to forget the prudence which should temper firmness, or the modesty which becomes the consciousness of right. If I decline to recognize as my guides the leading men of to-day, I shall feel safe while I follow the master principles which the Union was established to secure, leaning for support on the great triumvirate of American freedom, — Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson. And, since true politics are simply morals applied to public affairs, I shall find constant assistance from those everlasting rules of right and wrong, which are a law alike to individuals and communities.

CHARLES SUMNER.

From Hon. Charles Sumner's Letter of Acceptance. March, 1851.

OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR.

Belshazzar is king: Belshazzar is lord:
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;
Fruits glisten; flowers blossom; meats steam; and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood:
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout
Till the vast roofs ring, —
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old! —
Bring forth! and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone:
Bring forth!" And before him the vessels all shine;
And he bows unto Baal; and he drinks the dark wine;
While the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring, —
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

Now what cometh? Look, look! Without menace or call,
Who writes, with the lightning's bright hand, on the wall?
What pierceth the king like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! magicians! the letters expound."
They are read: and Belshazzar is dead on the ground.
Hark! the Persian is come
On a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king.

Barry Cornwall

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave, —
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea, —
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph; ye that sigh, —
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see:
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE SQUIRE'S STORY.

"OH!" says the squire, "I wish't I was married and well of it. *I dread it powerful.* I'd like to marry a widow. I allers liked widows since I knowed one down in Georgia that suited my ideas adzactly.

"About a week after her husband died, she started down to the graveyard, whar they'd planted of him, as she said, to read the prescription onto his monument. When she got there, she stood a minute a-looking at the stones, which was put at each end of the grave, with an epithet on 'em that the minister had writ for her. Then she bust out, 'Oh! boo-hoo,' says she, 'Jones, — he was one of the best of men. I remember how the last time he come home, about a week ago, he brought down from town some sugar, and a little tea, and some store-goods for me, and lots of little necessaries, and a little painted hoss for Jeems, which that blessed child got his mouth all yaller with sucking of it; and then he kissed the children all round, and took down that good old fiddle of his'n, and played up that good old tune, —

'Rake her down, Sal, oh rang dang diddle,
Oh rang dang, diddle dang, dang dang da.'

"Here," says the Squire, "she begin to dance; and I just thought she was the greatest woman ever I see."

"The Squire" always gives a short laugh after telling this anecdote, and then, filling and lighting his pipe, subsides into an arm-chair in front of the "Exchange," and indulges in calm and dreamy reflection.

JOHN PHŒNIX.

THE HAPPIEST COUPLE.

ADAPTED FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

Enter LADY TEAZLE *and* SIR PETER, L.

Sir P. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle! I'll not bear it!

Lady T. (R.) Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and, what's more, I will too. What though I was educated in the country? I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. (L.) Very well, ma'am, very well! So a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough! Ay, there it is! Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife!—to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

Lady T. Lord, Sir Peter! am I to blame because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

Sir P. Oons! Madam, if you had been born to this, I

shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't: 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam: you were then in somewhat a humbler style, — the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first, — sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady T. Oh, yes! I remember it very well; and a curious life I led, — my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am: 'twas so, indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements! — to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet, to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase. [*Crosses* L.

Sir P. (R.) I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam: these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach, *vis-à-vis*, and three powdered footmen before your chair, and in the summer a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens: no recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady T. (L.) No! I swear I never did that! I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. You did; and the horse's name was Dobbin.

Lady T. Oh!

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank: in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation; and that is —

Sir P. My widow, I suppose.

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, I shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint. [*Crosses*, L.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. (L.) 'Slife, madam! I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay, there again! Taste! Zounds, madam! You had no taste when you married me.

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance! A charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter: they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir P. Yes, egad! they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves. Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

Lady T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, well! I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-by to ye!

[*Exit Lady Teazle,* R.

Sir P. So I have gained much by my intended expostulation; yet with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say! and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing every thing in her power to plague me.

Re-enter LADY TEAZLE, R.

Lady T. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria. It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir P. (L.) Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady T. (R.) I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds; will you?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds! What! ain't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it (*Gives her notes*); but seal me a bond of repayment.

Lady T. Oh, no! There, my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*

Sir P. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you; but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P. Well, then, let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would, and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow who would deny me nothing; didn't you?

Sir P. Yes, yes; and you were kind and attentive —

Lady T. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Indeed!

Lady T. Ay, and when my Cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir P. Thank you.

Lady T. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir P. And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple —

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir P. No, never! — though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir P. Now see, my angel! take care! Contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love.

Sir P. There, now! you — you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear —

Sir P. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish —

Sir P. There now! who begins first?

Lady T. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing; but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my Cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Your Cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Now, may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin

for me; and I was a madman to marry you, — a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you, — an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him. [*Crosses,* L.

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! Didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? — for his estate is just as good as yours; and he has broke his neck since we have been married. [*Crosses,* R.

Sir P. (L.) I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful — but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are — not without grounds.

Lady T. (R.) Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing. I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir P. Very well, madam, very well, — a separate maintenance as soon as you please; yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know — ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you; so by-by. [*Exit,* R.

Sir P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either? Oh! I am the most miserable fellow; but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart; but she sha'n't keep her temper. [*Exit.*

SHERIDAN

GODIVA.

I waited for the train at Coventry:
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this: —

Not only we, the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, — not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent and overcame, —
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim earl who ruled
In Coventry: for, when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!" —
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these?*" — "But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul;
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear:
"Oh! ay, ay, ay, you talk!" — "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And, from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,

No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode;
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped; but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the powers who wait
On noble deeds cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one; but even then she gained
Her bower, whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

TENNYSON.

FARMER BENT'S SHEEP-WASHING.

Some years ago the good people of a certain town assembled for the purpose of forming a temperance-society. After the usual preliminaries, the pledge was submitted to the audience for signature. At that Deacon Smith arose, and addressed them thus: —

"My friends, I should have no objection to signing your pledge, but for one thing. I have been accustomed to having my plum-pudding at Christmas. Now, you all know that plum-pudding is good for nothing without sauce; and sauce is insipid without a little brandy in it. Now, if you can fix your pledge so that I can have my brandy-sauce and plum-pudding at Christmas, I will sign it with great pleasure."

After a little arguing *pro* and *con*, a clause was added allowing Deacon Smith his brandy-sauce at Christmas, but at no other time; and Deacon Smith signed the pledge at once.

Soon after, Farmer Jones arose with a smile, and said, —

"My friends, I have no objection to signing your pledge if you will allow me one thing. I always want liquor in the harvest-field, to counteract the bad effects of so much cold water as is usually drank at that time. If you can fix it so that I can have my liquor in the harvest-field, I will sign your pledge."

Again, after considerable arguing, there was a clause added allowing Farmer Jones his liquor in the harvest-field, but at no other time.

After Farmer Jones had taken his seat, Neighbor Bent arose.

"My friends," he said, "I will sign your pledge if you will do one thing to it: that is, fix it so that I can have liquor at sheep-washing. I think it is very necessary for men to have some good, strong liquor to drink when coming out of the water after washing sheep, to prevent the bad effects that arise from standing in it so long at a time."

After a good deal of talk, a clause was added allowing Farmer Bent his liquor at sheep-washing, but at no other time. When all had signed the pledge, the meeting was adjourned.

The next morning one of Farmer Bent's neighbors was

passing his house, and the old gentleman stepped out just then gloriously drunk.

"Why, Uncle John, how's this?" said the neighbor, a good deal surprised. "I thought you signed the pledge last night."

"So I did," replied Uncle John, "but (hic) I was washing sheep."

He led the way to the barn, the neighbor following. On arriving there, he saw standing in the middle of the barn-floor a big wash-tub about half full of water, and the old ram tied to it, wet as he could be, and shivering with cold. Close by stood a two-gallon jug. Uncle John, pointing to his ram with an air of triumph, said, —

"I (hic) washed that (hic) sheep twelve times this morning."

THE DEUTSCH MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, von summer afternoon,
Vas dending bar in her fadder's saloon.
She solt dot bier, und singed "Shoo Fly,"
Und vinked at der men mit her lefd eye.
But, ven she looked oud on der shdreed,
Und saw dem gals all dressed so shweed,
Her song gifed oud on a ubber note,
Cause she had such a horse in her troat;
Und she vished she had shdamps to shpend,
So she might git such a Grecian Bend.
Hans Brinker valked shlowly down der shdreed,
Shmilin at all der gals he'd meed.
Old Hans vas rich, as I've been dold,
Had houses und lots und a barrel of gold.
He shdopped py der door; und pooty soon
He valked righd indo dot bier saloon.
Und he vinked ad Maud, und said, "My dear,
Gif me, if you pblease, a glass of bier."
She vend to the pblace vere der bier-keg shtood,
Und pringed him a glass dot vas fresh and goot.
"Dot's goot," said Hans: "dot's a better drink
As effer I had in mine life, I dink."

He dalked for a vhile, den said, "Goot tay;"
Und up der shdreed he dook his vay.
Maud hofed a sigh, and said, "Oh, how
I'd like to been dot old man's frow!
Such shplendid close I den vood vear,
Dot all the gals around vood shdare.
In dot Union Park I'd drive all tay,
Und efery efenin go to der pblay."
Hans Brinker, doo, felt almighty gweer
(But dot might been von trinkin bier);
Und he says to himself, as he valked along
Humming der dune of a olt lofe-song,
"Dot's der finest gal I efer did see;
Und I vish dot my vife she cood be."
But here his solilligwy came to an end,
As he dinked of der gold dot she might shbend;
Und he maked up his mind dot, as for him,
He'd marry a gal mid lots of "din."
So he vent right off dot fery day,
Und married a vooman olt und gray.
He vishes now, but all in vain,
Dot he was free to marry again,—
Free as he vas dat afdernoon,
When he met Maud Muller in dot bier-saloon.
Maud married a man mitoud some "soap;"
He vas lazy, too; bud she did hope
Dot he'd get bedder ven shildren came:
But ven they had, he vas yoost the same.
Und ofden now dem dears vill come
As she sits alone ven her day's work's done,
Und dinks of der day ven Hans called her "My dear,"
Und asked her for a glass of bier;
But she don'd complain nor efer has:
Und oney says, "Dot coodn't vas."

CARL PRETZEL.

CHARLES SUMNER.*

HONOR to the people of Massachusetts, who twenty-three years kept in the Senate, and would have kept him there ever so long, had he lived, a man who never, even to them, conceded a single iota of his convictions in order to remain

* Extract from the Eulogy on Charles Sumner before the city of Boston, April 29, 1874. — BY HON. CARL SCHURZ.

there. And what a life was his, — a life so wholly devoted to what was good and noble! There he stood, in the midst of the grasping materialism of our times, around him the eager chase for the almighty dollar, no thought of opportunity ever entering the smallest corner of his mind, and disturbing his high endeavors; with a virtue which the possession of power could not even tempt, much less debauch; from whose presence the very thought of corruption instinctively shrunk back; a life so unspotted, an integrity so intact, a character so high, that the most daring eagerness of calumny, the most wanton audacity of insinuation, standing on tiptoe, could not touch the soles of his shoes.

. . . . . .

Now we have laid him into his grave, in the motherly soil of Massachusetts, which was so dear to him. He is at rest now, — the stalwart, brave old champion, whose face and bearing were so austere, and whose heart was so full of tenderness; who began his career with a pathetic appeal for universal peace and charity, and whose whole life was an arduous, incessant, never-resting struggle, which left him all covered with scars. And we can do nothing for him but remember his lofty ideals of liberty and equality and justice and reconciliation and purity, and the earnestness and courage and touching fidelity with which he fought for them; so genuine in his sincerity, so single-minded in his zeal, so heroic in his devotion!

Oh that we could but for one short hour call him up from his coffin, to let him see, with the same eyes which saw so much hostility, that those who stood against him in the struggles of his life are his enemies no longer! We would show him the fruit of the conflicts and sufferings of his last three years, and that he had not struggled and suffered in vain. We would bring before him, not only those who, from offended partisan zeal, assailed him, and who now with sorrowful hearts praise the purity of his patriotism; but we would bring to him that man of the South, a slaveholder and a leader of secession in his time, the echo of whose words spoken in the halls of the Capitol we heard but yesterday, — words of respect, of gratitude, of tenderness. That man of the South should then do what he deplored not to have done while he lived, — he should lay his hand upon the shoulders of the old friend of the human kind, and say to him, "Is it you whom I hated, and who I thought hated me?

I have learned now the greatness and magnanimity of your soul; and here I offer you my hand and heart."

Could he but see this with those eyes, so weary of contention and strife, how contentedly would he close them again, having beheld the greatness of his victories!

People of Massachusetts! he was the son of your soil, in which he now sleeps; but he is not all your own. He belongs to all of us in the North and in the South,—to the blacks he helped to make free, and to the whites he strove to make brothers again. Let, on the grave of him whom so many thought to be their enemy and found to be their friend, the hands be clasped which so bitterly warred against each other. Let, upon that grave, the youth of America be taught by the story of his life, that not only genius, power, and success, but—more than these—patriotic devotion and virtue, make the greatness of the citizen. If this lesson be understood, more than Charles Sumner's living word could have done for the glory of America will be done by the inspiration of his great example; and it will truly be said, that, although his body lies mouldering in the earth, yet in the assured rights of all, in the brotherhood of a re-united people, and in a purified republic, he still lives, and will live forever. CARL SCHURZ.

THE BRICKLAYERS.

"Ho! to the top of the towering wall!"
'Tis the master-mason's rallying call;
"To the scaffolding, boys, now merrily climb:
'Tis seven o'clock by the town-bell's chime.
Bring to your work good muscle and brawn,
And a keen, quick eye where the line is drawn:
Out with your saw-tempered blades of steel,
Smoother than glass from point to heel;
Now, steady and clear, from turret and port,
Ring out your challenge, '*Mort*', *Oh*, *mort*'!
"Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Music with labor and art combine;
Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
But lay to the line, boys, lay to the line!"

Cheery as crickets all the day long,
Lightening labor with laugh and song,
Busy as bees upon angle and pier,
Piling the red blocks tier upon tier,
Climbing and climbing still nearer the sun,
Prouder than kings of the work they have done,
Upward and upward the bricklayers go,
Till men are but children and pygmies below;
While the master's order falls ringing and short,
To the staggering carrier, "*Mort', Oh, mort'!*
"Clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Music with labor and art combine;
Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
But lay to the line, boys, lay to the line!"

Who are the peers of the best in the land,—
Worthy 'neath arches of honor to stand?
They of the brick-reddened, mortar-stained palms,
With shoulders of giants and sinewy arms,
Builders of cities, and builders of homes,
Propping the sky up with spires and domes;
Writing thereon with their trowel and lime
Legends of toil for the eyes of Time,
So that the ages may read, as they run,
All that their magical might has done.
So clink! clink! trowel and brick!
Work by the master's word and sign,—
"Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;
But lay to the line, boys, lay to the line!"

G. H. Barnes, *in Scribner's Monthly.*

A STRANGER IN THE PEW.

Poor little Bessie! She tossed back her curls,
And, though she is often the sweetest of girls,
This was something she couldn't and wouldn't endure:
'Twas the meanest, most impolite act, she was sure,
And a thing, she declared, that *she* never would do,—
To go to church where one didn't belong,
Then walk down the aisle like the best in the throng,
And seat one's self plump in another one's pew.

Humph! Didn't her father own his out and out?
And didn't they fill it up full, just about,
When mamma and papa and herself and the boys
Were seated? And didn't their boots make a noise
In moving along to make room for a stranger?
And wasn't it cool, with the brazenest face,
To expect at each hymn pa would find her the place?
(If Ben didn't, or Bob; but there wasn't much danger.)

With such feelings at heart, and their print on her face,
Last Sunday our Bessie hitched out of her "place"
To make room for a girl, very shabby and thin,
Who had stood in the aisle till mamma asked her in.
The poor little thing tried her best not to crowd;
And Bessie, forgetting, soon had the mishap
To slip from her drowsiness into a nap,
From which she awakened by crying aloud.

Poor Bessie sat upright, with cheeks all aflame
At sleeping in church; and we felt for her shame,
But 'twas strange at the close of the service to see
Our Bessie, now gentle as gentle could be,
Take the hand of the shabby young girl in the pew,
And walk with her out of the church, with a smile
That shone through the tears in her eyes all the while,
And brightened her face with a radiance new.

"Good-by," whispered Bessie at parting, "and mind
Our pew's forty-five, with a pillar behind."
Then she stole to her mother: "O mother! I dreamed
Such a curious dream! 'Twas no wonder I screamed.
I thought I was sitting in church in this dress,
With a girl like a beggar-child right in our pew:
We were sitting alone on the seat, just we two;
And I felt more ashamed than you ever could guess;

"When all in a moment the music grew loud;
And on it came floating a beautiful crowd;
They were angels, I knew; for they joined in the song;
And all of them seemed in the church to belong.
Slowly and brightly they sailed through the air;
The rays from the window streamed crimson and blue,
And lit them in turn as their forms glided through:
I could feel their soft robes passing over my hair.

"One came to my side. Very sadly she said,
'There's a stranger in here.' I lifted my head,
And looked at the poor, shabby girl with disdain.
'"Tis not she,' said the angel: 'the haughty and vain
Are the strangers at church. She is humble and true.'
Then I cried out aloud; and the minister spoke;
And just as they floated away I awoke;
And there sat that dear little girl in our pew."

Harper's Magazine.

THE MISTLETOE-BOUGH.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall;
The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's relations were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment: I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran; and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night; and they sought her next day;
And they sought her in vain when a week passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by; and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And, when Lovell appeared, the children cried, —
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle: they raised the lid;

And a skeleton-form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.
Oh! sad was her fate: in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest:
It closed with a spring; and — dreadful doom! —
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb.

BAYLEY.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

"*Nein*" (pronounced *nine*) is the German for "*No.*"

"GOT any boys?" the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband, of course," the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "*Nein!*"

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering 'Nine?'"
"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

JOHN G. SAXE.

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

A little child, —
A little, meek-faced, quiet village child,
Sat singing by her cottage-door, at eve,
A low, sweet sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody; no human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn, —
"Praise God! praise God!"

A seraph by the throne
In the full glory stood. With eager hand
He smote the golden harp-strings, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth unceasing. Then with a great voice
He sang the "Holy, holy, evermore,
Lord God Almighty!" and the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture; and the hierarchies,
Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration. Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem without a pause,
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
Rang with the "Holy, holy, evermore!"
Till, trembling from excess of awe and love,
Each sceptred spirit sank before the throne,
With a mute "Hallelujah." But, even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice, — a voice that seemed
To float, float upward from some world afar, —
A meek and child-like voice, faint, but how sweet! —
That blended with the seraph's rushing strain,
Even as a fountain's music with the roll
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance, — smiles of joy, that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn, —
"Praise God! praise God!" And, when the seraph's song
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre

Silence hung brooding; when the eternal courts
Rung but with echoes of his chant sublime,—
Still, through the abysmal space, that wandering voice
Came floating upward from its world afar;
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
"Praise God! praise God!"

T. WESTWOOD.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a party: dey had piano playin'.
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau; her name vos Matilda Yane.
She had haar as prown as a pretzel bun; her eyes were himmel-blue;
And ven she looket into mine she shplit mine heart into two.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: I vent dar, you'll be pound.
I valzt mit der Matilda Yane, and vent shpinnin' round and round,—
De pootiest fraulein in de house: she weighed two hoondert pound.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: I tells you it cost him dear.
Dey rollt in more as seven kegs of foost-rate lager-bier;
And fenefer dey knocks de shpickets in, de Deutschers gife a cheer;
I dinks so fine a party not come to a hend dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: dere all vas Saus and Braus.
Ven de sooper coom in, de gompany did make demselfs to house;
Dey eat das Brod und Gansebrust, Bratwurst, und Broten fine,
And vash deir Abendessen down mit four barrels of Neckar wein.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: ve all cot trunk as pigs.
I put mine mout' to a parrel of bier, and schwallowed up mit a schwigs.

And den I kissed Matilda Yane, and she schlog me on de kop;
And de gompany fight mit taple-legs till de conshtoble made us shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: vere is dat party now?
Vere is de lofely golten cloud dat float on de mountain's prow?
Vere is de Himmelstrahlende Stern, de star of de spirits' light?
All goned afay mit de lager-bier, afay in de Ewigkeit.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR (*Adapted*).

YOU speak like a boy, — like a boy who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of the hill-fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult; the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors denounced as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with?

And they shall find that the name they have dared to proscribe, — that the name of MacGregor, — *is* a spell to raise the wild devil withal. *They* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable Highland drover, bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored, and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change. They that scoffed at the grovelling worm, and trod upon him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon.

The land might be at peace and in law for *us*, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted people; and, if persecution maketh wise men mad, what must it do to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did? Can we view their bloody

edicts against us — their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honorable name — as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies? Here I stand: have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood: and yet they would betray me, and hang me, like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill will at me.

But the heather that I have trod upon when living must bloom over me when I am dead. My heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills: nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us. And Helen, — what would become of her, were I to leave her the subject of new insult and atrocity? or how could she bear to be removed from these scenes where the remembrance of her wrongs is aye sweetened by the recollection of her revenge? I was once so hard put at by my great enemy, as I may well call him, that I was forced e'en to give way to the tide, and remove myself and my people and my family from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time into MacCullummore's country: and Helen made a lament on our departure, as well as MacRimmon himself could have framed it, and so piteously sad and woesome, that our hearts almost brake as we listened to her: it was like the wailing of one for the mother that bore him: and I would not have the same touch of the heart-break again. . . . no, not to have all the lands that were ever owned by MacGregor.

W. SCOTT.

DER DRUMMER.

WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysters on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me by der handt, unt say,
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for peesnis righd avay?
Der drummer.

Who sphreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice!"
Und says I gets "der bottom price"?
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine, —
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine," —
Und sheats me den dimes oudt of nine?
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
Mooch less as vat I gould imbort,
But lets dem go as he vas "short"?
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route? —
Und ven dey comes dey vas no goot, —
Der drummer.

Who comes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup my bier, and eates mine *kraut*,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he comes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
Dot drummer.

CHARLES F. ADAMS

THE YANKEE AND THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG.

HIRAM was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow, — always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the

least utility; yet, when he did play any of his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now, it happened that one of Hiram's neighbors sold a farm to a tolerably green specimen of a Dutchman, — one of the real unintelligent, stupid sort.

Von Vlom Schlopsch had a dog, as Dutchmen often have, who was less unintelligent than his master, and who had since leaving his "faderland," become sufficiently civilized not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from the neighbors' sheepfold on the same principle.

When Hiram discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he walked over to his new neighbor's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural method in the world.

"Wall, Von, your dog Blitzen's been killing my sheep."

"Ya! dat ish bace — bad. He ish von goot tog: ya! dat ish bad!"

"Sartain, it's bad; and you'll have to stop 'im."

"Ya! dat ish allas goot; but ich weis nicht."

"What's that you say? *he was niched?* Wall, now look here, old feller! nickin's no use. Crop 'im; cut the tail off close, chock up to his trunk: that'll cure him."

"Vat ish dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features. "Ya! dat ish goot. Dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

"Sartain it will: he'll never touch sheep-meat again in this world," said Hiram gravely.

"Den come mit me. He von mity goot tog; all the way from Yarmany: I not take one five dollar — but come mit me, and hold his tail, eh? Ich chop him off."

"Sartain," said Hiram: "I'll hold his tail if you want me tew; but you must cut it up close."

"Ya! dat ish right. Ich make 'im von goot tog. There, Blitzen, Blitzen! come right here, you von sheep steal rashcull: I chop your tail in von two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons; and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and, placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested him to lay it across a large block of wood.

"Chock up," said Hiram, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya! dat ish right. Now, you von tief sheep, I learns you better luck," said Von Vlom Schlopsch, as he raised the axe.

It descended; and, as it did so, Hiram, with characteristic presence of mind, gave a sudden jerk, and brought Blitzen's neck over the log; and the head rolled over the other side.

"Wall, I swow!" said Hiram with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog: "that was a *leetle* too close."

"Mine cootness!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "*you shust cut 'im off de wrong end!*"

POPPING THE QUESTION.

I KNEW by his looks what he'd come for: I plainly had seen from the first,
It must come to this sooner or later; and I'd made up my mind for the worst.
So I hid myself under the curtains, where the loving pair couldn't see me,
In order to watch their proceedings, and hear what he said unto *she*.

I saw he was fearfully nervous, that in fact he was suffering pain,
By the way that he fussed with his collar, and poked all the chairs with his cane;
Then he blushed; that he wouldn't look at her, but kept his eyes fixed on the floor,
And took the unusual precaution of taking his seat near the door.

He began, "It is — er — er — fine weather, — remarkable weather for May."
"Do you think so?" said she: "it is raining." — "Oh! so it is raining to-day.
I meant, 'twill be pleasant to-morrow," he stammered; "er — er — do you skate?"
"Oh, yes!" she replied, "at the season; but isn't May rather too late?"

The silence that followed was awful: he continued, "I see
a sweet dove"
('Twas only an innocent sparrow; but blind are the eyes of
true love),—
"A dove of most beautiful plumage, on the top of that
wide-spreading tree,
Which reminds me,"—she sighed,—"O sweet maiden!
which reminds me, dear angel, of thee."

Her countenance changed in a moment: there followed a
terrible pause:
I felt that the crisis was coming, and hastily dropped on all
fours,
In order to see the thing better. His face grew as white as
a sheet:
He gave one spasmodic effort, and lifelessly dropped at her
feet.

She said — What she said I won't tell you. She raised the
poor wretch from the ground.
I drew back my head for an instant. Good heavens! Oh!
what was that sound?
I eagerly peered through the darkness,—for twilight had
made the room dim,—
And plainly perceived it was kissing, and kissing not all
done by him.

I burst into loud fits of laughter: I know it was terribly
mean;
Still I couldn't resist the temptation to appear for a while
on the scene.
But she viewed me with perfect composure, as she kissed
him again with a smile,
And remarked, 'twixt that kiss and the next one, that
she'd "known I was there all the while."

THE BUMPKIN'S COURTSHIP.

While on a visit to a relation in the celebrated city of York, I was acquainted with an honest farmer in the neighborhood, who, having resided there from a youth, was respected, and admitted into the society of most of the

country gentlemen. He was a constant visitor at the house of my uncle; and his conversation, teeming with merry stories which served to delight the ear at the expense of our sides, told in his simple, unadorned manner, could not but render his society agreeable to me.

Honest old Farmer Burton had an only son, who had reached the age of forty without entering into the matrimonial state; he was, in fact, as true a picture of a country bumpkin as ever graced a pitchfork. One day, our discourse happening to turn upon the said bumpkin, I expressed my surprise that he should never have had the good fortune to get married. "Why," said the farmer, "it be not the fau't o' his face, I reckon; for he be as pratty a lad as here and there be one; ees, an' he ha' had his chances, by my feekins! and, had he been as 'cute as mysen, he might ha' had a buxom lass, with no little o' money either." This excited my curiosity; and I requested the farmer to acquaint me with the particulars, which he did as follows:—

"You mun know, that my son used to work wi' me in the field; that is, he drived plough, sowed, and reaped, and all other 'cultural works loike; and a steady, hard-working lad he wur too; till all on a sudden he becomed lazy loike, and wouldn't work at all. So I couldn't tell what to make on't: if I snubbed un 'twur all the same; and so at last, thinks I to mysen, I'll speak to un about it calmly loike; an' so I did, and axt un what wur the matter wi' un; and so says he, 'Why, I dosen't know disactly, he, he, he! but ever sin' I ha' seed Molly Grundy at our village church, feather, I ha' felt all over in sic' conflagration loike, he, he, he!' 'Why, ye beant in love, be ye?' 'Why, he, he, he! I can't say for sartin; haply I mought; but dang my buttons, feather! if I dosen't think Molly bees in love wi' I, he, he, he!' 'Be she?' says I: 'ods dickens! then you mun mind your p's and q's, lad; for she ha' money. But did she speak to ye?' 'Ees; to be sure she did, and said I wur a pratty lad, he, he, he!' 'And what answer did you make?' 'Why, I—I—la'ft!' 'Ah, but,' said I, 'you should ha' made loove to her.' 'But I don't know how, feather: what be I to say?' 'Why, I'll tell ye. When you see her again, you thus address her: O thou most incomparable of thy sex! Thy eyes of diamond light have pierced my heart's core; thy cheeks are carnation red; thy lips like coral, thy alabaster skin, thy teeth, good 'lack!

— and graceful mien, have scorched and burned up all the particles of my heart. Deign, then, to dispense thy passions to me alone, thy faithful swain, who is this moment ready to espouse thee, thou irresistible and adorable woman!'"

"Well," said I, "and did he say so?"

"Why, no," said the farmer: "a sad blunder he made on it, all through his being no scholard; and lost both his sweetheart Molly, and her money into the bargain. When he got to Molly Grundy's, he dropped on both his knees, scratched his head, and thus began: —

"'O Molly Grundy! feather ha' sent I here to dress ye. O thou most unbearable of my sex! Thy eyes of light have pierced my heart sore; thy cheeks are tarnation red; thy lips like mackerel, thy plaster skin, thy teeth so black and hateful and mean, — have scorched and burned up all the articles of my heart. Feign, then, to expend thy passion on me alone thy hateful swine, who is this moment ready to spouse thee, thou detestable and deplorable 'ooman!'

"Molly Grundy no sooner heard his speech, than she took up a long hair-broom, wopped poor Robin out o' the house; and he has never been able to get a wife, or had courage enough to make love to another woman since."

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will! —
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

AT THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

IT has seldom been my lot, in all the years of my ministry, to feel so entirely unequal to any work I have had to do, as I do to-day. As I have thought of the great honor in your request that I should address you, I could not but feel it was all a mistake to select such a man as I am for this work. It is one of the touching things that have come to us from the old time, that, when a man wanted to move a great multitude to do some piece of grace, he stood before them, and held up a poor stump, from which the hand had gone in defence of their homes. He said no word: he simply bared the maimed limb; and in a moment the multitude was lifted into the grace he sought. So I have thought you had better have done to-day: not to take me, or any man like me, whose work in the strife for which these men fell was so poor and thin, but to take one of your own veterans, — a man who, when the trumpet called our nation to battle, went out and stood fast, fighting for the land; who endured hardness like a good soldier, until the war was ended, and then, coming back, quietly took his place as a citizen, doing his duty with the smart of his old wounds about him, but never complaining, or thinking that God had given him the harder lot. Such a man might stand mute, or simply say, "These are the graves of my comrades;" and

then no speech that could be made by the tongue of man beside would ever touch us with an eloquence like that. One mute appeal from a maimed arm pointed down at these green mounds, if we had eyes to see what the appeal meant, would cover these graves deeper with summer blossoms than they have ever been covered with winter snows. Soldiers of the Republic, you cannot suspect what power abides in your broken bodies and shed blood, to shake the heart of every true American. That was the power you should have seized for this great occasion. I went to the battle-field: you fought on it. I nursed and tended in steamboat and hospital; but you wrestled with the agonies of wounds I could not feel. God knows, my heart was always full of sympathy; but that could not under-reach your pain. All the tales of old heroism I had ever read faded out in the face of your quiet endurance; and you taught me new lessons of what a man can do, when God helps him, in any strife. The grandest sights I shall ever see on this earth I saw in your camps and hospitals. It is only my resolution, sacred, I trust, as my life, never to refuse the request of a soldier, that has held me up to stand here, and try to speak to you by the graves of your comrades. My advantage, as I do try, rests in the infinite eloquence of your mere presence. I fall back on your reserves.

From ROBERT COLLYER'S *Life that Now Is.*

NOBODY THERE.

I WAS the last new boy at school:
I must pay my "initiation fee."
Twelve boys wanted a thieving tool;
The latter the reason, the former the plea.
With boast and bluster and bullying air,
They won consent from "the last boy there."

A stealthy walk 'neath a silver moon;
Then an orchard wall looking e'er so high;
Next, "Here's the plunder! climb like a coon,"
From the biggest boy with the blackest eye.
"What a ninny you are; and how you stare!
Nobody will hurt you: nobody's there."

They knew the place for scaling well,
And pushed me up with eager hands,
Till, trembling and weak, their victim fell
On the broad ledge guarding the Bellair lands.
"A crooked tree leans down like a stair,"
They told me; and there it was, — right there!

Right there! And, on that stairway swung,
I crouched like a coward amid the leaves:
To right, to left, the ripe fruit hung
On that first and fairest of autumn eves, —
Crimson and gold, in a silver air,
Apple on apple, pear on pear;

Just within reach of my tempting hold;
The air astir with their fruity breath;
Globe of crimson, pendant of gold:
What was to hinder loitering Seth?
Silent I hung on the old tree stair:
As silent the orchard, — nobody there.

High in the heavens hung the harvest moon:
Strange! — but it brought my mother's smile.
"Tell me all that happens, and write me soon."
She said, through smiles and tears the while.
There were two of us only: God took one, —
A sister, the sweetest under the sun.

Somehow, in that silvery hush,
Came the murmur of mother's prayer;
And a little stream, 'mid banks of rush,
Caught the gleam of my sister's hair.
Still, crimson and gold, in a silver air,
Hung apple on apple, pear on pear.

Down in the dark some tiny thing,
Under the daisies' silken hood,
Smote the quiet with bell-like ring,
Bringing an answer out of the wood, —
Two together: they make me reel,
Chiming in chorus, "Thou shalt not steal."

The twelve in waiting saw me bound
Over the wall with empty hands,
Panting, breathless. They flee the ground:
Far beyond lay the tempting lands.
"Was it Box?" said the bully, "or old Bellair?"
"Neither," I answered: "God was there."

ANONYMOUS.

THE FACTORY GIRL'S DIARY.

[From "All that Glitters is not Gold."]

MARTHA GIBBS; LADY VALERIA.

Mar. How long it seems since we parted, Lady Valeria! and to think that I should live to see you once more, and see you on your wedding morning! In a few minutes you will be the happy wife of an amiable and handsome bridegroom; for you know he *is* very handsome.

Val. (*coldly.*) I really have thought very little on the subject. My aunt told me I was poor, that Mr. Frederick Plum was rich, that the marriage would revive the fortune of our house, that I ought not to hesitate: I therefore did not; and in less than a week the marriage was negotiated.

Mar. I must say, a week's acquaintance seems to me rather short.

Val. Ah, Martha! the formula of life which girls of rank go through should be better known. At a given birthday the school-girl lays aside her books, to go into the world. There she soon meets a man who seems to realize those visions of perfection we all of us indulge. She loves; but only to be told that the omnipotent voice of circumstances forbids the indulgence of her affection. Another bridegroom is presented. In the wide world she has not one sympathetic bosom to confide and weep upon: in mere despair she throws herself on his. This is the history of many a *happy* bride that poverty envies, but should hug its rags for not resembling.

Mar. Why, Lady Valeria, what words! and what a tone! You are agitated, and, I declare, a tear! (*Low to her.*) I am afraid there's some sad secret.

Val. No, no! 'twas but the dream of an hour: the very recollection's gone. I must think, I *will* think, no more of him.

Mar. Of him? of whom? (*anxiously.*)

Val. Of no one. I am the bride of Frederick; and, as you say, I am happy, very happy, ha, ha!

Mar. (*aside.*) She frightens me: 'tis plain she loves another.

Val. Forgive me, Martha: I am grown so selfish! I talk of my own happiness, and have not even asked how I can add to yours, — you who have been thrust into the world without a mother's help, without a mother's counsel —

Mar. No, not without her counsel; for the very words my poor dying mother said to me are as fresh in my heart as if I heard them now; and, do you know (*low*), I've found out a way to live after them.

Val. A way to live after a dying mother's counsel? Oh! tell me, tell me how.

Mar. Well, to *you*, only to you. Well, then, every night in my bedroom I write down in a little book every thing I can remember of what I've said, done, and thought all day: good, bad, or indifferent, down it goes in my diary; and, when I've made a clean breast of it, why, then I say my prayers.

Val. Indeed!

Mar. Next morning, the first thing on waking, I read what I confessed the night before. For example, now: Once I was what you ladies call a flirting girl: at first I wouldn't write it down; but one day it led me to do a false and heartless thing. That very night down went the whole story in my little book. Next morning I didn't like to read it; but read it I *did*, again and again, day after day, and week after week; and at last, when I caught myself watching myself, afraid of having such another page as that to write and read, oh! then I knew I was cured: and so I do believe the poor motherless, penniless, helpless factory girl has kept herself honest by keeping her diary honest too. Oh! blessings on every school in every village of the land! and blessings on the simple words over the door, "Reading and Writing taught here"!

MORTON.

IN THE TUNNEL.

Riding up from Bangor
On the Pullman train,
From a six-weeks' shooting
In the woods of Maine,
Quite extensive whiskers,
Beard, moustache as well,
Sat a "student feller,"
Tall and fine and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side;
To a pleasant station
Now the train doth glide.
Enter aged couple,
Take the hinder seat;
Enter gentle maiden,
Beautiful, *petite*.

Blushingly she falters,
"Is this seat engaged?"
(See the aged couple
Properly enraged!)
Student, quite ecstatic,
Sees her ticket's "through;"
Thinks of the long tunnel,
Knows what he will do.

So they sit and chatter
While the cinders fly,
Till that "student feller"
Gets one in his eye;
And the gentle maiden
Quickly turns about:
"May I, if you please, sir,
Try to get it out?"

Happy "student feller"
Feels a dainty touch;
Hears a gentle whisper, —
"Does it hurt you much?"

Fizz! ding, dong! a moment
In the tunnel quite,
And a glorious darkness
Black as Egypt's night.

. . . .

Out into the daylight
Darts the Pullman train;
Student's beaver ruffled
Just the merest grain;
Maiden's hair is tumbled,
And there soon appeared
Cunning little ear-ring
Caught in student's beard.

"JONES."

[The following little story, with its moral, though written for "The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph," is quite too good to be enjoyed by the farmers of the South alone.]

I KNEW a man, and he lived in Jones,
Which Jones is a country of red hills and stones;
And he lived pretty much by getting of loans;
And his mules were nothing but skin and bones;
And his hogs were flat as his corn-bread pones;
And he had 'bout a thousand acres of land.

This man — and his name it was also Jones —
He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones;
For he couldn't make nothin' but yellowish cotton,
And little of that; and his fences were rotten;
And what little corn he had, *that* was boughten;
And he couldn't get a living from the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got;
And he rose, and he walked to the stable lot;
And he hallooed to Tom to come down there and hitch;
For to emigrate somewhere where land was rich;
And to quit raising cock-burs, thistles, and sich,
And wasting their time on barren land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules,
Protesting that folks were mighty big fools
That'ud stay in Georgia their lifetime out,
Just scratching a living, when all of them mought
Get places in Texas where cotton would sprout
By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he drove by a house where a man named Brown
Was living, not far from the edge of the town,
And he bantered Brown for to buy his place,
And said, that, seeing that money was skace,
And seeing as sheriffs were hard to face,
Two dollars an acre would get the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents;
And Jones he bought him a wagon and tents,
And loaded his corn and his women and truck,
And moved to Texas, which it took
His entire pile, with the best of luck,
To get there and get him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones farm;
And he rolled up his breeches, and bared his arm;
And he picked all the rocks from off'n the ground;
And he rooted it up, and ploughed it down,
And sowed his corn and wheat in the land.

Five years glide by; and Brown, one day
(Who had got so fat that he wouldn't weigh),
Was a-sitting down, sorter lazily,
To the bulliest dinner you ever see,
When one of the children jumped on his knee,
And says, "Yan's Jones, which you bought his land."

And there was Jones, standing out at the fence;
And he hadn't no wagon nor mules nor tents;
For he had left Texas afoot, and come
To Georgia to see if he couldn't get some
Employment; and he was looking as hum-
Ble as if he had never owned any land.

But Brown he asked him in; and he sot
Him down to his victuals smoking hot;
And, when he had filled himself and the floor,
Brown looked at him sharp, and rose and swore
That, "whether men's land was rich or poor,
There was more in the *man* than there was in the *land*."

THE WHISTLER.

"You have heard," — said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline, —
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered; "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried:
"A favor so slight one's good-nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so, that not even modesty's cheek
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled; and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss, —
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine:
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee, —
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take"

"GOOD AND BETTER."

A FATHER sat by the chimney-post
On a winter's day, enjoying a roast;
By his side a maiden young and fair,
A girl with a wealth of golden hair;
And she teases the father stern and cold,
With a question of duty trite and old, —
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do
When a man of merit comes to woo?
And, father, what of this pain in my breast?
Married or single, — which is the best?"

Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,
The girl of the wealth of golden hair,
He answers as ever do fathers cold,
To the question of duty trite and old, —
"She who weddeth keeps God's letter:
She who weds not doeth better."
Then meekly answered the maiden fair,
The girl with the wealth of golden hair, —
"I'll keep the sense of the holy letter,
Content to do WELL without doing BETTER."

JAKIE ON WATERMELON PICKLE.

OLD lady Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making watermelon pickle the other day; and being hard of hearing, and as she couldn't see to read well, she got her grandboy Jakie to peruse it for her. Jakie took the paper like a dutiful child, and, holding it upside down, commenced: —

"Take a green watermelon" —

"Why, Jakie! ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe"

"Oh! what's the matter wid you? Jew ever see a watermelon that wuzn't green?

"Cut the watermelon into four halves" —

"But there ain't only two halves to any thing. I don't believe you are reading that right, Jakie."

"Well, I don't halve to. But anyhow, that's wat the reseet says. Then soak the watermelon in a pint-cup" —

"Oh, dear me! How in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint-cup?"

"Well, I ain't here to tell the whereases and the howfores: I'm just readin' the facts, and you can put in the philosophy to suit yer taste. After soaking the melon, put it in a skillet, and fry it for four days."

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a reseet as that," said the old lady; but Jakie kept on: —

"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl, and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vinegar" —

"I'd just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart without spilling any of it." But Jakie continued: —

"Then sift a peck of red peppers through a milk-strainer over the melon; and to one cup of butter add the whites and the yolks and the shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid 'em, and four sticks of cinnamon-drops, and a bottle of Dr. Mary Walker's Vinegar Bitters, and two tablespoonfuls of quinine; and run it through a coffee-mill, and let it stand till it ferments, and then put it in a tin can, and tie the can to a dog's tail, — this will stir it up to the right consistency, — and then you can turn it off into crocks, and have it ready for use. Serve it up cold, and spread it on mince-pie, and it makes a capital dessert;" and Jakie slid out of the door, and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.

"I golly!" said Jakie, "bet yer sweet life she won't ask me to read any more reseets!"

THE OLD METHODIST'S TESTIMONY.

I PRAISE the Lord, my Christian friends, that I am with you still,
Though standin' like an old log house upon a west-side hill:
The music has gone out, you know; the timbers have decayed,
But sunshine on 'em's just as warm as when they first was laid.

Almost a hundred years have passed sin' I was born; and then
Twas only fifteen further on, and I was born again.
I've seen the forest melt away; nice houses have been reared:
The world has quite outstripped the Church, I'm very much afeared.

They used to tell a Methodist as far as eye could scan:
No gewgaws on a woman then, no dicky on a man;
But now our congregations are so much by fashion led,
They look just like a rainbow wrecked upon a posy-bed.

The circuit-riders of them days were not so fine and grand:
They took degrees a-haulin' logs, and clearin' up the land;
But when one of 'em rose to preach, I tell you, we could smell
The fragrant flowers of heaven, and the stifling smoke of hell.

We had an "amen corner," too, beside the pulpit-stairs,
And, while he raised his sermon-bents, we lifted with our prayers;
We threw in many a loud "Thank God!" and weren't obliged to go,
To give the Lord the glory, to a class-room down below.

The grand old quart'ly meetin's were to all the brethren dear,
Just like four green oases in the desert of the year.
The people flocked from miles around; my wife would take a score;
And after supper they would pray, and sleep upon the floor.

I know the world's a-moving on, as Galileo said,
For now I rent a cushioned pew to hear an essay read;
But, when through stained-glass windows the sun throws blue and gold,
I cannot help a-thinkin' how the glory shone of old.

They call me an "old fossil," and a "relic of the past,"
A "fogy" and a "croaker," too; but this won't always last:
I tread a tremblin' isthmus where two seas of glory roll,
And soon the past and future bliss will swallow up my soul

And when I reach fair Canaan, the Lord will doubtless see
That mansions in the city will not do for such as me;
So he will let me go among the old-fashioned saints, I think,
And praise him 'neath the trees of life upon the river's brink.

PHILL J. BULL.

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